

COLLECTION

Edw. of Bunge's

Free-Masons Songs.

To which is prefixed,

A General Charge to Masons.

L O N D O N,

Printed for A. Collins in the Strand.

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General Charge to MASONs.

Delivered at Christ-Church, in Boston,
the 27th of December, 1749.

By the Rev. Charles Brockwell, A. M. his Majesty's chaplain at Boston, in New-England.

THE principal intention in forming societies is undoubtedly the uniting men in the stricter bands of love; for men considered as social creatures, must derive their happiness from each other: Every man being designed by Providence to promote the good of others, as he tends his own advantage; and by that intercourse to secure their good offices, by being, as occasion may offer, serviceable unto them.

Christianity in general (for I now enter not upon the melancholy divisions so rife among us) never circumscribes our benevolence within the narrow confines of nature, fortune, profit, or personal obligation. What I would ad-

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vance is this: That we restrain not our love to our next neighbour only, this being merely a point of conveniency—Nor to our acquaintance solely, this being the effect of inclination purely to gratify ourselves—We are not to care for our friend's only, because gratitude and common justice require even that at our hands—Nor yet those especially from whom we expect to receive benefit, for this interest and policy will prompt us to—Nor our relations only, for this the ties of blood and mere nature dictate—Nor is love and charity limited to them particularly who are of the same church or opinion with us: For by the very same reason that we are induced to believe ourselves in the right, they may imagine themselves so too; and what we may judge to be a perfection among ourselves, they may condemn as a blemish. Be it so then: That in some points, or rather modes of worship, we may differ or dissent from each other, yet still the LODGE reconciles even these—There we all meet amicably, and converse sociably together—There we harmonize in principles, the

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we wary in punctilios. There we join in conversation, and intermingle interests. There we discover no estrangement of behaviour, nor alination of affection— We serve one another most readily in all the kind offices of a cordial friendship. Thus are we united, though distinguished: United in the same Grand Christian Fundamentals, though distinguished by some Circumstantials: United in one important band of brotherly love, though distinguished by some peculiarities of sentiment.

Freedom of opinion thus indulged, but its points never discussed, is the happy influence under which the unity of this truly ancient and honourable society has been preserved, from time immemorial. And whoever is an upright Mason, can neither be an athiest, deist, or libertine. For he is under the strictest obligation to be a good man, a true christian, and to act with honour and honesty, however distinguished by different opinions in the circumstantials of religion. Upon which account MASONRY is become the center of union, and the means of conciliating friend-

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ship among men that might otherwise have remained at perpetual distance; causing them to love as brethren, as heirs of the same hope, partakers of the same promises, children of the same God, and candidates for the same heaven.

We read, that when Tertullus pleaded against St. Paul, that the chief accusation whereon he founded his plea, was, "his being ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes"—and this sect (said the Jews) we know that every where it is spoken against." And wherefore was this sect so spoken against? Was it from any evil they knew of its professors? Or from mere ignorance or blind prejudice? We find nothing of the former, but undoubted proof of the latter. And this I take to be pretty much our case in respect to Masonry—as flowing from the same corrupted principles. I have had the honour of being a member of this antient and honourable Society many years, have sustained many of its offices, and can, and do aver, in this sacred place, and before the Grand Architect of the world,

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that I never could observe ought therein, but what was justifiable and commendable according to the strictest rules of society. This being founded on the rules of the gospel, the doing the will of God, and subduing the passions, and highly conducing to every sacred and social virtue. But not to insist on my own experience, the very antiquity of our constitution furnishes a sufficient argument to confute all gainfayers. For no combination of wicked men, for a wicked purpose, ever lasted long. The want of virtue, on which mutual trust and confidence is founded, soon divides and breaks them to pieces. Nor would men of unquestionable wisdom, known honour, undoubted veracity, and good sense (though they might be trepanned into a foolish or ridiculous society, which could pretend to nothing valuable) ever continue in it, as all the world may see they have done, and now do; or contribute toward supporting and propagating it to posterity.

As to any objections that have been raised against this society, they are as ridiculous as they are groundless:—

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For what can discover more egregious folly in any man, than to attempt to vilify what he knows nothing of? At that rate, he may with equal justice abuse or calumniate any thing else that he is unacquainted with—But there are some peculiar customs among us; surely these can be liable to no censure: hath not every society some peculiarities, which are not to be revealed to men of different communities?—But some among us behave not so well as might be expected: We fear this to be too true, and are heartily sorry for it; let us therefore every one try to mend one another. But even this objection is of no weight with a man of ingenuity and candour. For if the unworthiness of a professor casts a reflexion upon the profession, it may be inferred by parity of reason, that the misconduct of a Christian is an argument against Christianity. But this is a conclusion which I presume no man will allow, and yet is no more than what he must subscribe to, who is so unreasonable as to insist on the other.

Upon the whole, then, it appears,

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that the rules of this society have a direct tendency to render conversation agreeable, as well as innocent; and so to influence our practice, as to be useful to others, and profitable to ourselves; for to continue in amity, and maintain a fair correspondence, to be disposed reciprocally to all offices of humanity, and to act upon mutual terms of benevolence, which are the characteristics of Christianity, are likewise the cement of this society. And how good it is to assist, comfort, and relieve the oppressed, I need not now observe. Nor is it less obvious, how pleasant it is to contribute to the innocent delight, and promote the lawful advantage of one another; and always to converse with security, without any the least suspicion of fraudulent, injurious, or malicious practices.

Now, in order to cherish and promote this harmony within doors and without, let us first lay hold on the surest means to stop the mouth of detraction, by endeavouring to lead a pure and unblemished life. Let us consider, my brethren, that not there-

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putation of one only, but that of the whole society, is affected by a brother's misbehaviour. Invested as we are with that distinguishing **BADGE**, which at this day is the glory of the greatest potentates upon earth, we should scorn to act beneath the dignity of our profession. Let us then walk worthy of our vocation, and do honour to our profession.

Let us rejoice in every opportunity of serving and obliging each other; for then, and only then, are we answering the great end of our institution. Brotherly love, relief, and truth; oblige us not only to be compassionate and benevolent, but to administer that relief and comfort, which the condition of any member requires, and we can bestow without manifest inconvenience to ourselves. No artful dissimulation of affection can ever be allowed among those who are upon a level; nor can persons who live within compass act otherwise than upon the square, consistently with the golden rule of doing as they would be done by. For among us, every one is, or should be another

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self: so that he that hates another, must necessarily abhor himself also; he that prejudices another, injures his own nature; and he that doth not relieve a distressed brother, starves a member of his own body; but then this relief is not to be bestowed upon the idle, indolent, and extravagant; but upon the unfortunate, industrious, successful brother.

Let us next remember the regulations of this society are calculated, not only for the prevention of enmity, wrath, and dissension, but for the promotion of love, peace, and friendship; then here surely conversation must be attended with mutual confidence, freedom, and complacency. He who neither contrives mischief against others, nor suspects any against himself, has his mind always serene, and his affections composed. All the human faculties rejoice in order, harmony, and proportion; by this our society subsists, and upon this depends its wisdom, strength, and beauty. Let therefore no narrow distinctions discompose this goodly frame, or disturb its symmetry;

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but when good and worthy men offer themselves, let them ever have the first place in our esteem; but as for the abettors of Atheism, irreligion, libertinism, infidelity, let us, in the words of the prophet, shake our hands from them, just as a person would do, who happens to have burning coals, or some venomous creature fastening upon his flesh. In such a case none would stand a moment to consider; none would debate with himself the expediency of the thing; but instantly fling off the pernicious incumbrance; instantly endeavour to disengage himself from the clinging mischief: so should every upright mason from such perilous false brethren.

There is one essential property which belongs to our craft, which had like to have slipped me, and which, however condemned, is highly worthy of all applause; and that is secrecy. All that should be disclosed of a lodge is this, that, in our meetings, we are all good-natured, loving, and chearful one with another. But what are these secrets? Why, if a brother in necessity

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seeks relief, it is an inviolable secret, because true charity vaunteth not itself. If an overtaken brother be admonished, it is in secret; because charity is kind. If possibly little differences, feuds, or animosities, should invade our peaceful walls, they are still kept secret; for charity suffereth long, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.—These and many more (would time permit) which I could name, are the embellishments that emblazon the masons escutcheon. And as a further ornament, let us add that aromatic sprig of cassia, of “letting our light so shine before men, that they may see our good works; and that whereas they speak against us as evil-doers, they may by our good work, which they shall behold, glorify God.

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Free-Masons SONGS.

THE MASTER'S SONG.

S O N G I.

THUS mighty eastern kings, and some
Of Abram's race, and monarchs good
Of Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome,
True architecture understood :

No wonder then if masons join,
To celebrate those mason kings,
With solemn note and flowing wine,
Whilst every brother jointly sings :

Chorus.

Who can unfold the royal art,
Or sing its secrets in a song?
They're safely kept in mason's heart,
And to this antient lodge belong.

THE FELLOW-CRAFT'S SONG.

S O N G II.

HAil masonry, thou craft divine !
Glory of earth, from heaven reveal'd ;

16 Free-Masons SONGS!

Which dost with jewels precious shine,
 From all but masons eyes conceal'd.
Thy praises due who can rehearse,
In nervous prose, or flowing verse?

As men from brutes distinguish'd are,
 A mason other men excels;
 For what's in knowledge choic'd and rare,
 But in his breast securely dwells?
His silent breast, and faithful heart,
Preserves the secrets of the art.

From scorching heat and piercing cold,
 From beasts whose roar the forest rends,
 From the assaults of warriors bold,
 The mason's art mankind defends.
Be to this art due honour paid
From which mankind receives such aid.

Ensigns of state that feed our pride
 Distinction troublesome and vain!
 By masons true are laid aside;
 Art's free born sons such toys disdain;
Ennobled by the name they bear,
Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
 Friendly converse of brotherhood;
 The lodge's lasting cement be!
 Which has for ages firmly stood,
A lodge thus built for ages past,
Has lasted, and will ever last.

Then in our songs be justice done,
 To those who have enrich'd the art;

From ADAM to great LEVEN down,
And let each brother bear a part,
Let our Grand Master's health go round,
His praise in every lodge go round.

The Entered 'PRENTICE'S SONG.

S O N G III.

I.

COME let us prepare;
We brothers that are
Assembled on merry occasion;
Let's drink, laugh and sing;
Our wine has a spring,
Here's a health to an accepted mason.

II.

The world's in pain
Our secrets to gain,
But still let them wonder and gaze on;
They ne'er can divine,
The word or the sign,
Of a free and an accepted mason.

III.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men in the nation,
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one,
With a free and an accepted mason.

IV.

Great kings, dukes, and lords
Have laid by their swords,

18 Free-Masons SONGS.

Our myst'ry to put a good grace on;
And ne'er been asham'd,
To hear themselves nam'd,
With a free and an accepted mason.

V.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
Which maketh men just in their station;
There's nought but what's good
To be understood,
By a free and an accepted mason.

VI.

We're true and sincere,
And just to the fair,
Who will trust us on every occasion;
No mortals can more
The ladies adore,
Than a free and an accepted mason.

VII.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand,
Let's be merry, and put a bright face on;
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a free and an accepted mason,

[To all the worthy fraternity round
the globe.]

S O N G I V.

I.

WHEN a lodge of free masons
Are cloath'd in there aprons,
In order to make a new brother,
With firm hearts and clean hands,
They repair to their stands,
And justly support one another.

II.

Trusty brother, take care,
Of evcsdroppers beware,
'Tis a just and a solemn occasion;
Give the word and the blow,
That workmen may know,
One asks to be made a free mason.

III.

The master stands due,
And his officers too,
While the craftsmen are plying their station;
The apprentices stand,
Right for the command
Of a free and an accepted mason.

IV.

Now traverse the ground,
As in duty your bound,
And revere the authentic station,
That leads to the way,
And proves the first ray
Of the light of an accepted mason.

V.

Here's words and here's signs,
Here's problems and lines,

20 Free-Masons SONGS.

And here's room too for deep speculation;
Here virtue and truth
Are taught to the youth,
When first he's call'd up to a mason.

VI.

Hieroglyphics shine bright
And here light reverts light
On the rules and the tools of vocation:
We work and we sing,
The craft and the king;
'Tis both duty and choice in a mason.

VII.

What is said or is done
Is here truly laid down,
In this form of our high installation; -
Yet I challenge all men
To know what I mean
Unless he's an accepted mason.

VIII.

The ladies claim right
To come to our light,
Since the apron they say is their bearing;
Can they subject their will,
Can they keep their tongues still,
And let talking be chang'd into hearing?

IX.

This difficult task
Is the least we can ask,
To secure us on sundry occasions.
When with this they comply,
Our utmost we'll try
To raise lodges for lady free masons.

Free-Masons SONGS. 21

X.

Till this can be done,
Must each brother be mum,
Though the fair one should wheedle or tease on;
Be just, true, and kind,
But still bear in mind,
At all times you are a free mason.

S O N G V.

I.

HERE's a health to each one
From the king on the throne
To him that is meanest of station,
If he can contend
To have lawfully gain'd
The name of an accepted mason.

II.

Fame trumpets it loud,
And seems to be proud
Of such a grand occupation,
To shew unto all,
That there is none shall
Ever vie with an accepted mason.

III.

The glory of kings
Are poor empty things,
Though empires they have in possession,
If void of the fame
Of that noble name
Of free and an accepted mason.

22 Free-Masons S O N G 3,

IV.

It is ancients far
Than other arts are,
Surpassing all other profession:
There's none can pretend
To discover a friend
Like a free and an accepted mason.

V.

The world is amas'd,
Their wonder is rais'd,
To see such concurring relation
Among us: they cry,
The devil is nigh
When one is accepted a mason.

VI.

But let them say on,
To us 'tis well known.
What's true or false in the relation;
Let's drink his health round
That is secret and sound,
And a faithful and accepted mason.

S O N G VI.

I.

PRAY don't sleep or think,
But give us some drink,
For Faith I'm most plausibly dry.
Wine cheers up the soul,
Then fill up the bowl,
For ere long you all know we must die,

II.

Yesterday's gone,
This day is our own;
To-morrow we never may see.
Thought causes us smart,
And eats up the heart;
Then let's be jovial and free.

III.

The world is a cheat,
With a face counterfeit,
And freedom and mirth discommends:
But here we may quaff,
Speak our thoughts, sing, and laugh,
For all here are masons and friends,

S O N G VII.

I.

YE thrice happy few
Whose hearts have been true,
In concord and unity found;
Let us sing and rejoice,
And unite ev'ry voice,
To send the gay chorus around.

Chorus.

*Like pillars we stand
An immoveable band,
Cemented by power from above;
Then freely let pass,
The generous glass
To masonry, friendship, and love.*

24 Free-Masons SONGS.

II.

The Grand Architect,
 Whose word did erect
 Eternity, measure, and space,
 First laid the fair plan
 Whereon we began,
 The cement of harmony and peace:
Like pillars we stand, &c.

III.

Whose firmness of hearts
 Fair treasure of arts,
 To the eye of the vulgar unknown;
 Whose lustre can beam
 New dignity and fame
 To the pulpit, the bar, and the throne.
Like pillars we stand, &c.

IV.

The great David's son,
 Unmatch'd Solomon,
 As recorded in sacred page,
 Through masonry became
 The first fav'rite of fame
 The wonder and pride of his age,
Like pillars we stand, &c.

V.

Indissoluble bands
 Our hearts and our hands,
 In social benevolence bind;
 For true to his cause,
 By immutable laws,
 A mason's a friend to mankind.
Like pillars we stand, &c.

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VI.

Let joy flow around,
And Peace olive bound,
Preside at our mystical rites:
Whose conduct maintains
Our auspicious domains,
And freedom with order unites.
Like pillars we stand, &c.

VII.

Nor let the fair maid,
Our mysteries dread,
Or think them repugnant to love;
To beauty we bend,
And her empire defend,
Her empire deriv'd from above,
Like pillars we stand, &c.

VIII.

Then let us unite,
Sincere and upright,
On the level of virtue to stand:
No mortal can be
So happy as we,
With a brother and friend in each hand.
Like pillars we stand, &c.

S O N G VIII.

I.

A Mason one time
Was cast for a crime,
Which malice had put a bad face on;

C

26 Free-Masons' SONGS.

And then, without thought,
To a gibbet was brought
The free and the accepted mason,
And then, without thought, &c.

II

And when he came there,
He put up his pray'r
For heav'n to pity his case on!
His king he cry'd,
Who in progress did ride,
Was a free and an accepted mason.
His king he cry'd, &c.

III.

Then out a sign flew,
Which the Grand Master knew,
Who rode up to know the occasion:
Ask'd who had condemn'd
So worthy a friend
As a free and an accepted mason?
Ask'd who had condemn'd &c.

IV.

He tried the cause,
And he found out the flaws,
According to justice and reason,
He tack'd up the judge
And all that bore grudge
To the free and the accepted mason.
He tack'd up the judge, &c.

V.

Though ignorant pride
Our secrets deride,
On sacred conjectures occasion,

They ne'er shall divine
The word or the sign
Of a free and an accepted mason.
They ne'er shall divine, &c.
May honour and honesty ever distinguish the Brethren.

S O N G IX.

I.

COME are you prepar'd
Your scaffolds well rear'd
Bring mortar and temper it purely;
'Tis all safe I hope,
Well brac'd with each rope,
Your ledgers and putlocks securely.

II.

Then next your bricks bring;
It is time to begin,
For the sun with its rays is adorning;
The day's fair and clear,
No rain you need fear,
'Tis a charming and lovely fine morning.

III.

Pray where are your tools,
Your line and plum rules?
Each man to his work let him stand, l oys;
Work solid and sure,
Upright and secure:
And your building, be sure, will be strong, boys.

IV.

Pray make no mistake,
But true your joints break,

28 Free-Masons SONGS.

And take care you follow your leaders;
 Work, rake, beck, and tueth
 And make your work smooth,
 And be sure that you fill up your headers;

S O N G X.

I.

FROM the depths let us raise
 Our voices, and praise
 The works of the glorious creation;
 And extol the great fame
 Of our Maker's great name,
 And his love to an accepted mason.

II.

In primitive times,
 When men, by high crimes,
 Occasion'd a great devastation,
 The flood did abound,
 And all men were drown'd,
 Save a free and an accepted mason.

III.

In an ark that was good
 Made of Gopher wood,
 It was built by divine ordination;
 And first in his time,
 That planted a vine,
 Was a free and an accepted mason.

IV.

Then Pharaoh, the king
 Of Egypt, did bring

Into bondage our whole generation ;
But that king got a fall,
And his magicians all,
By a princely and great learned mason,

V.

Four hundred and thirty years
By scripture appears,
Was their bondage in th'Egyptian nation,
But by providence great
They made their escape,
Unto the Egyptians vexation.

VI.

'Then through the Red-Sea,
Heaven guided their way,
By two pillars of divine ordinations,
But Pharaoh's great train
The sea did restrain,
From pursuing an army of masons.

VII.

On the plains they did rear
A pavilion fair,
It was built by inspiration ;
Each part in it square,
None cou'd it prepare
But a free and an accepted mason.

VIII.

Through Jordan they go,
To face their proud foe,
I mean, the great Canaanite nations ;
But their gigantic train
Could not sustain
The force of that army of masons.

30 Free-Masons SONGS.

IX.

Next Amalech's king
Great forces did bring;
Likewise the great Midianite nations;
But their kings got a fall,
And their great nobles all,
And their wealth fell a prey to our masons.

X.

King Solomon he
Was known to be free,
Built a lodge for the use of his masons;
Each beautiful part
Was due to the art
Of that princely and great learned mason.

XI.

Let each mason that's free
Toast his memory:
Join hands without dissimulation;
Let cowans think on,
For they are all wrong;
Drink a health to an accepted mason.

S O N G X I.

I.

WE have no idle prating
Of either *Whig* or *Tory*;
But each agrees
To live at ease,
And sing or tell a story,
Fill to him
To the brim,

*Let it round the table roll;
The divine
Tells us, wine
Cheers the body and the soul.*

II.

*We will be men of pleasure,
Despising pride and party;
Whilst knaves and fools
Prescribe us rules,
We are sincere and hearty.*

Fill to him, &c.

III.

*If any are so foolish
To whine for courtiers favour,
We'll bind him o'er
To drink no more
Till he has better favour.*

Fill to him, &c.

VI.

*If an accepted mason
Should talk of high or low church,
We'll set him down,
A shallow crown,
As understanding no church.*

Fill to him, &c.

V

*The world is all in darkness;
About us they conjecture;
But little think
A song and drink
Succeed the mason's lecture.*

Fill to him, &c.

Free-Masons SONGS.

VI.

Then, landlord, bring a loghead,
And in the corner place it;
Till it rebound
With hollow sound,
Each mason here will face it,
Fall to him, &c.

S O N G XII.

I.

AS I at Wheeler's lodge one night
Kept Bacchus company,
Saw Bacchus is a mason bright,
And of all lodges *free-- free-- free.*

II.

Said I, Great Bacchus is a-dry;
Pray give the god some wine;
Jove in a tury did reply,
October's as divine--*divine--divine,*

III.

It makes us masons more compleat,
Adds to our fancy wings;
Makes us as happy and as great
As mighty lords and kings--*king s-- kings,*

S O N - G XIII.

ON, on, my dear brethren, pursue the great
lecture,
And refine on the rules of old architecture;
High honour to masons the craft daily brings,
To those brothers of princes, and fellows of kings.

We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the
stage
And reviv'd the old arts of Augustus' fam'd age;
Vespasian destroy'd the vast temple in vain:
Since so many now rise under great Leven's reign.

The noble five orders, compos'd with such art,
Shall amaze the swift eye, and engage the whole
heart;
Proportion, sweet harmony, gracing the whole,
Gives our work, like the glorious creation, a soul.

Then master, and brethren, preserve your great
name;
This b'dge so majestic, shall purchase you fame:
Rever'd it shall stand till all nature expire,
And its glories ne'er fade till the world is on fire.

See, see, behold here what rewards all our toil,
Inspires our genius, and bids labour smile:
To our noble Grand Master let a bumper be
crown'd
To all masons a bumper,---so let it go round.

34 Free-Masons SONGS.

Again, my lov'd brethren, again let it pass,
Our antient firm union cement with a glass:
And all the contention 'mong masons shall be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.

S O N G XIV.

BY masons art th'aspiring dome
In various columns shall arise;
All climates are their native home,
Their godlike actions reach the skies.

Chorus.

Heroes and kings revere their name,
Whilst poets sing their lasting fame.

Great, generous, virtuous, good and brave,
Are titles they most justly claim;
Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
Which some unborn shall loud proclaim.

Chorus.

Time shall their glorious acts enrol,
And love with friendship charm the soul;

S O N G XV.

LET masonry be now my theme,
Throughout the globe to spread its fame,
And eternize each worthy brother's name:

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Your praise shall to the skies resound,
In lasting happiness abound, [crown'd.
And with sweet union all your noble deeds be

*Sing then, my muse, to masons glory,
Your names are so rever'd in story.
That all the admiring world do now adore ye?*

Let harmony divine inspire
Your souls with love and gen'rous fire,
To copy well wite Solomon, your sire:
Knowledge sublime shall fill each heart,
The rules of geometry t' impart;
Whilst wisdom, strength, and beauty crown the
glorious art.

Let the great Leven's health go round;
In swelling cups all care be drown'd;
And hearts united 'mongst the craft be found.
May everlasting scenes of joy
His peaceful hours of bliss employ,
Which time's all-conquering hand shall ne'er de-
stroy.

My brethren thus all cares resign,
Your hearts let glow with thoughts divine,
And veneration show to Solomon's shrine:
Our annual tribute thus we'll pay,
That late posterity shall say;
We've crown'd with joy this glorious, happy,
happy day.

SONG XVI.

By brother Laurie, of the lodge of Allaa, 1752.

I.

BEhold in a lodge we dear brethren are met,
And in proper order together are set;
Our secrets to none but ourselves shall be known,
Our actions to none but free masons be shown.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

Let brotherly love be among us reviv'd;
Let's stand by our laws that are wisely contriv'd;
And then all the glorious creation shall see
That none are so loving, so friendly as we.
Derry down, &c

III.

The temple, and many magnificent pile,
Ev'n buildings now standing within our own isle,
With wisdom contriv'd, with beauty refin'd,
With strength to support, and the building bind.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

These noble grand structures will always proclaim
What honour is due to a free mason's name.
Ev'n ages to come, when our work they do see,
Will strive with each other like us to be free.
Derry down, &c.

V.

What tho' some of late, by their spleen plainly show
They fain would deride what they gladly would
know?

Free-Masons SONGS. 57

Let ev'ry tongue be still, and every voice be mute,
And the ancient grand secret keep back from their
Daring eyes, &c.

VI.

Then, Brethren, let's all put our hand to our heart,
And resolve that a true masonry ne'er to depart:
And when the loud trumpet on earth shall descend,
Our lodge will be clos'd, and our secrets shall end.
Derry down, &c.

S O N G XVII.

For the Master of the Lodge at Derry.

I.

THough bigots frown, and fools deride him,
And masons some thro' ignorance blame,
The good, the just, the learn'd, the wise,
True masonry will ne'er despise.

CHORUS.

*For all the earth let masons join,
To execute our grand design,
And strike a nation out into fools,
Who laugh at masons and their tools.*

II.

On justice, truth and charity,
This edifice shall founded be;
And will conspire to rear the whole
By wisdom's just unerring rule.

O'er all, &c.

III.

Let ev'ry mason then prepare
By virtue's mould his work to square;

D

38 Free-Masons SONGS.

And ev'ry task adjusted be
By the level of equality.

O'er all, &c.

IV.

Let jollity and freedom then
For ever in our lodge remain,
And still our work cemented be
By universal harmony.

O'er all, &c.

V.

This structure we will fortify
With the barriers of secrecy,
A mason barrier we may boast
Shall e'er impenetrable last.

O'er all, &c.

VI.

To mutual love and friendship rais'd,
This fabric shall by all be prais'd;
And those who strive to ridicule
Our craft, shall but themselves besook,
Then o'er the earth, &c.

S O N G XVIII.

Guardian genius of our art divine,
Unto thy faithful sons appear:
Crase now o'er ruins of the east to pine,
And smile in blooming beauties here.

Egypt, Syria, and proud Babylon,
No more thy blissful presence claim:

In Britain fix thy ever during throne,
Where myriads do confess thy name.

The sciences from eastern regions brought,
Which after shone in Greece and Rome,
Are here in hundreds stately lodges taught,
To which remotest brethren come.

Behold what strength our rising domes uprears,
Tall mixing with the azure skies:
Behold what beauty through the whole appears;
So wisely built, they must surprisè.

Nor are we only to these arts confin'd;
For we the paths of virtue trace:
By us man's rugged nature is refin'd,
And polish'd into love and peace.

S O N G · XIX.

A Mason's daughter, fair and young,
The pride of all the virgin throng,
Thus to her lover said;
Though, Damon, I your flame approve,
Your actions praise, your person love,
Yet still I'll live a maid.

None shall untie my virgin zone,
But one to whom the Secret's known,
Of fam'd free masonry;
In which the great and good combine,
To raise, with generous design,
Man to felicity.

40 Free-Masons S O N G S.

The lodge excludes the fop and fool,
The plodding knave, and party tool,
That liberty would sell;
The noble, faithful and the brave,
No golden charms can e'er deceive,
In slavery to dwell.

This said, he bow'd, and went away;
Apply was made, without delay,
Return'd to her again;
The fair one granted his request,
Conjugal joys their days have blest;
And may they e'er remain.

S O N G XX.

GLorious craft, which fires the mind,
With sweet harmony and love;
Surely thou wert first design'd,
A foretaste of the joys above.

Pleasure always on thee wait,
Thou reform'st *Adam's* race;
Strength and beauty in thee meet
Wholeness radiant in thy face.

Art and virtue now combine,
Friendship rites cheerful mirth;
All united to refine,
Man from's grosser part of earth.
Stately temples now arise,
And on lofty columns stand;
Mighty domes ascend the skies,
To adorn this happy land.

S O N G X X I.

'TIS masonry unites mankind,
 To generous actions forms the soul;
 So strict in union we're conjoin'd,
 One spirit animates the whole.

Chorus to be repeated at every verse.

*Then let mankind our deeds approve,
 Since union, harmony and love,
 Shall wait us to the realms above.*

}

Where e'er aspiring domes arise,
 Wherever sacred altars stand,
 Those altars blaze up to the skies;
 Those domes proclaim the mason's hand.

The stone unshap'd as lumber lies
 Till masons art its form refines;
 So passions do our souls disguise,
 Till social virtue calms our minds.

Let wretches at our manhood rail:
 But those who once our judgment prove,
 Will own, that we who build so well,
 With equal energy can love.

Though still our chief concern and care,
 Be to deserve a brother's name:
 For ever mindful of the fair;
 Their choicest favours still we claim.

From us pale discord long has fled,
 With all her train of mortal spite,

42 Free-Masons S O N G S.

Nor in our lodge dares show her head;
Sunk in the gloom of candle's night.
My brethren charge your glasses high,
To our grand-matter's noble name;
Our shouts shall beat the vaulted sky,
And every tongue his praise proclaim.

S O N G XXII.

I.

ONCE I was blind and could not see,
And all was dark me round,
But providence provided me,
And soon a friend I found;
Through hidden paths my friend me led,
Such paths as babblers never tread
With a fa, la, li, li, la, la.

II.

He took all stumbling blocks away,
That I might walk secure,
And brought me long ere break of day
To Sol's bright temple door.
Where we both admittance found,
By help of magic, spell and sound.
With a fa, la, &c.

III.

The curber of my rash attempt,
Did then my breast alarm
And hinted I was not exempt,
Nor free from double harm:
Which put a stop to rising pride,
And made me trust more to my guide.
With a fa, la, &c.

IV.

With feber pace I then was led,
 And brought to Sol's bright throne;
 Where I was oblig'd to stop,
 Till I my self made known
 With hideous noise I round was brought,
 For to obtain that which I sought.

With a fa, la, &c.

V.

In humble posture and due form,
 I list'ned with good will;
 Instead of mighty noise and storm,
 All then was calm and still,
 Such charming sounds I then did hear,
 As quite expell'd all doubts and fears.

With a fa, la, &c.

VI.

The mighty monarch from his throne,
 Bid darkness then withdraw,
 No sooner said than it was done,
 And I great things then saw;
 But what they were I'll not now tell,
 But such they were as here shall dwell.

With a fa, la, &c.

VII.

Then round and round me he did tye,
 A noble antient charm;
 All future darkness to defy,
 And ward off covens harm.
 So I return'd from whence I came,
 Not what I was, but what I am,

With a fa, la, &c.

S O N G XXIII.

I.

TO all who masonry despise
 This counsel I bestow;
 Don't ridicule, if you are wise,
 A secret you don't know.
 Yourselfs you banter and not it;
 You shew your spleen, but not your wit,
With a ja, la, la, la, la, la.

II.

If union and sincerity
 Have a pretence to please,
 We brothers of the masonry
 Lay julty claim to these.
 To state disputes we ne'er give birth,
 Our motto friendship is, and mirth.
With a ja, la, &c.

III.

Inspiring virtue by our rules,
 And in ourselves secure,
 We have compassion on these fools
 Who think our acts impure.
 From ignorance we know proceeds
 Such mean opinion of our deeds.
With a ja, la, &c.

IV.

Then let us laugh, since we've impos'd
 On those who make a pother;
 Who cry the secret is disclos'd
 By some false hearted brother;

The mighty secret gain'd, they boast,
From post boy, or from flying post.
With a fo, la, &c.

S O N G XXIV.

I.

COME, come, my dear brethren,
Great news I print him.
Our king's a free mason,
A mason of fame:
And though he's a king,
He's a brother to me:
No mortals but masons
So great then can be.
So great then can be,
So great then can be;
No mortals but masons
So great then can be.

II.

Who would not be proud, say,
Of such a great name
He that's a free mason
Is a true son of fame;
Since kings, dukes, and princes,
Men of high degree,
Throw by their distinctions,
With us to be free.
With us to be free, &c.

III.

We're sons of antiquity,
But not of pride

46. Free-Masons SONGS.

The fathers of old, they
Were all on our side,
Being struck with surprise
The grand temple to see,
They all were ambitious
Free masons to be.

Free masons to be, &c.

IV.

We're true and we're trusty,
We're just and sincere;
We're blest by the poor,
And ador'd by the fair.
Kings are our companions,
So noble are we;
Then who would not wish
A free mason to be?

A free mason to be, &c.

V.

Why then should we mind
The reflections of souls,
Who know not the value
Nor use of our tools?
We keep within compass;
Our conduits square be;
To plumb, line, and level,
Our actions agree.

Our actions agree, &c.

VI.

With innocent mirth,
And with social soul,
Let's taste the pure nectar
Of the flowing bowl.
Then fill up a bumper;
My toast it shall be,

Free-Masons SONGS. 47

A health to our masters,
Our wardens, and we.
Our wardens, &c.

S O N G XXV.

I

YE brethren of the antient craft,
Ye fav'rite sons of fame,
Let bumpers cheerfully be quaff'd
To great Lord Leven's name.
Happy, long happy may he be
Who loves and honours masonry.
With a fa, ia, la, la, la, la.

II.

In vain would D'Anvers with his wit
Our slow resentment raise;
What he and all mankind have writ,
But celebrates our praise.
His wit this only truth imparts,
That masons have firm faithful hearts.
With, &c.

III.

Ye British fair, for beauty fam'd,
Your slaves we wish to be:
Let none for charms like yours be nam'd
That love not masonry.
This maxim D'Anvers proves full well,
That masons never kiss and tell.
With, &c.

48 Free-Masons SONGS.

IV.

True masons! no offences give;
 Let fame your worth declare:
 Within your compass wisely live,
 And act upon the square.
 May peace and friendship e'er abound,
 And great Lord Leven's health go round.
With, &c.

SONG XXVI.

I.

A Health to our sisters let's drink,
 For why should not they
 Be remember'd, I pray,
 When of us they so often do think;
When of us they so often do think.

II.

'Tis they give the chiefest delight,
 Though wine cheers the mind,
 And masonry's kind,
 These keep us in transports all night.
These keep us in transports all night.

SONG XXVII.

LET malicious people censure;
 They're not worth a mason's answer;
 While we drink and sing,
 With no conscience-sling,
 Let their evil genius plague them,
 And for Mollies devil take them,
 We'll be free and merry,
 Drinking port and zerry,

Fill the stars at midnight shine,
 And our eyes with them combine
 The dark night to banish.
 Thus we will replenish
 Nature, whilst our glasses
 With the bottle patish.
 Brother mason free
 Here's to thee, to thee;
 And let it run the table round;
 Life envy does the masons robes confound.

SONG XXVIII.

I AM rising to the honour of those
 Who bathe in and error oppose;
 Who from times and mages of old
 Have got secrets which none can unfold,
 Whilst through life's swift career,
 With mirth and good cheer,
 We're revelling,
 And levelling
 The monarch, till he
 Sees our joys far transcend
 What on thrones do attend,
 And thinks it a glory with us to be free.

II.

The wisest of kings paid the way,
 And his precepts we keep to this day.
 The most glorious of temples gave name
 To free masons, who still keep their fame.
 Tho' no pri'e did arise
 So great and so wise,

E

50 Free-Masons S O N G 3,

Yet, in falling,
Our calling
Still bore high applause.
And tho' darkness o'er run
The face of the sun,
We, diamond-like blaz'd to illumine the cause.

S O N G XXIX.

I.

WHAT tho' they call us masons fools?
We prove by geometry our rules,
Surpass the arts they teach in schools:
They charge us falsely then.
We make it plainly to appear,
By our behaviour ev'ry where,
That when you meet with masons there,
You meet with gentlemen

II.

'Tis true, we once have charged been
With disobedience to our queen.
But after-monarchs' plan have seen.
The secrets she had taught.
We hatch no plots against the state,
Nor 'gainst great men in power state;
But all that's noble, good, and great,
Is daily by us taught.

III.

Those noble structures which we see
Rais'd by our hand & society,
Stagnate the world: then shall not we
Give praise to no body.

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Let those who do despise the art,
Live in a cave or some desert,
To herd with beasts, from men apart,
For their stupidity.

IV.

But view those savage nations where
No masonry did ever appear;
What strange unpollish'd brutes they are:
Then think on masonry.
It makes us courteous, easy, free,
Generous, and heartily gay.
What other art the like can be
Then here's to masonry.

S O N G XXX.

I.

HERE let no dull faces of business appear;
Farewell till to-morrow hard labour and care;
This night shall be sacred to friendship and ease,
Each bosom be open, mirth dart from each face.

II.

Consider, dear brethren, that masons grow old;
That relish abates, as the blood veins grow cold;
And if to be happy too long we delay,
Soon as we attempt, quick death, come away!

III.

Then, fellows in masonry, let us rejoice,
In beautiful melody join every voice.
Time shan't overtake us before we can start,
That we have been easily lured to the part.

IV.

Adieu, sober thinking detraction and spleen;
 You ought to be strangers where masons convene,
 Come, jest, love, and laughter, ye joyful throng;
 You're free of the lodge, and to masons belong.

V.

Let monarchs run mad after riches and power,
 Fat gowmen be dull, and philosophers sour;
 While the claret goes round, and the company
 sings,
 We're wiser than sages, and richer than kings.

VI.

Then fill up the goblet, and deal it about;
 Each brother will see it thrice twenty times out.
 Our pleasures, as well as our labours, can tell,
 How free-hearted masons all mankind excell.

S O N G XXXI.

Tune. O! Polly you might have toy'd and kiss'd.

I.

YE people who laugh at masons, draw near,
 Attend to my ballad without any fear,
 And if you'll have patience, you shall soon see,
 What a fine art is masonry.

II.

Though some say that an atheist can ever deny,
 That the first great master came first from on high,
 The Lord God, here I'll prove for to be
 The first great master of masonry.

III.

He took up his compass with masterly hand,
He stretch'd out his rule, and he measur'd the land:
He laid the foundation of earth and sea
By his known rules of masonry.

IV.

Our first father Adam, deny it who can,
A maſon was made as ſoon as a man;
And a fig leaf apron at firſt wore he,
In token of love to masonry.

V.

The principal law our lodge does approve,
Is, that we ſhall live in brotherly love.
Thus Cain was baniſh'd by heaven's decree,
For breaking the rules of masonry.

VI.

The temple that wiſe king Solomon rais'd,
For beauty, for order, for elegance prais'd,
To what did it owe all its elegance?
To the juſt form'd rules of masonry.

VII.

But ſhould I pretend, in this humble verſe,
The merits of free masonry to rehearſe,
Years yet to come, too ſtill wou'd be
To ſing the praiſes of masonry.

VIII.

Then hoping I have not detain'd you too long
I here ſhall take leave to ſing my ſong,
With a health to the maſter, and thoſe who
are free,
That live to the rules of masonry,

S O N G XXXII.

I.

COME lend me your ears, loving brethren, a
while.

Quite sober my senses, though joking my file:
I'll sing you such wonders, unknown to all those
That ever flutter'd in verse, or hobbl'd in prose.

Derry down, down,

Down, derry down.

II.

When all in confusion the Chaos yet lay,
The ev'ning and morning had made the first day,
The unform'd materi' lay jumbled together,
Like so many Dutel men is thick foggy weather.

Derry down, &c.

III.

When to this confusion no end soon appear'd,
The sov'reign grand master's word sudden was
heard:

Then seem'd mother Chaos with maternal throes!
And so the grand lodge of this world arose.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

Then heaven and earth with jubilee rung,

And all the creation of melody sung.

But lo! to adorn and complete the gay ball,

Old Adam was made the grand master of all.

Derry down, &c.

V.

But Satan met Eve, as she was a gadding,

Which set her, and since all her daughters a mad-

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To find out the secrets of free masonry,
She did eat the fruit of the forbidden tree.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

Her head being fill'd with many strange fancies,
As all the young girls who deal in romances,
And being with knowledge sufficiently cramm'd,
She said to her husband, *Take, eat, and be damn'd.*

Derry down, &c.

VII.

How Adam look'd on her, as one struck with thunder!

He view'd her from head to foot over with wonder!

Then since you have done this thing, Madam, said he.

For your sake, No women free masons shall be.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

And as she bewail'd in sorrowful ditty,

The good man beheld, and on her took pity,

Free masons are tender, so he to the dame

Bestow'd a white apron to cover her shame.

Derry down, &c.

IX.

Then they did solace themselves in mutual joys,
Till in process of time they had two clipping boys,

The priest of the parish, as gossip devis'd,

By name Cain and Abel, the youths canoniz'd,

Derry down, &c.

X.

Next old father Seth he mounted the stage;

In manners severe, tho' in masonry sage.

56 Free-Masons SONGS.

He built up two pillars full strong and full thick;
The one was of stone, and the other of brick.

Derry down, &c.

XI.

Put, in a short time, men became past all enduring,
There was nothing but swearing, and drinking,
and whoring;
Till Jove being wrath, rose up in his anger,
And swore he would suffer such miscreants no longer.

Derry down, &c.

XII.

He from the high windows of heaven did pour
Forty days, forty nights, one continu'd shower;
Till nothing was seen but waters all round;
And in this great deluge most mortals were drown'd

Derry down, &c.

XIII.

Sure ne'er was beheld so dreadful a sight,
As to see the old world in this very sad plight;
For here in the waters all animals swimming,
Men, monkeys, priests, lawyers, cats, lap-dogs,
and women.

Derry down, &c.

XIV.

Here floated a debtor away from his duns,
There swam tather Graybeard stark naked 'mong
nuns;

And here a poor husband, quite careless of life,
Contented in drowning to get rid of his wife.

Derry down, &c.

XV.

A king and a cobbler here mingled in view,
Of rakes and young spendthrifts there were not
few;

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Free-Masons SONGS. 57

A whale and a Dutchman came down with the tide;

And a rev'rend old bishop by a young wench's side.

Derry down, &c.

XVI.

But Noah was wisest; for Noah judg'd right:

He built up an ark so strong and so tight,

For though heav'n and earth seem'd coming together,

He kept safe in his lodge, and stood out to the weather.

Derry down, &c.

XVII.

Then, after the flood, like a brother so true,

Who still had the good of the craft in his view,

He delv'd the ground, and he planted the vine;

He founded a lodge, ay, and gave his lodge wine.

Derry down, &c.

XVIII.

Let statesmen tofs. tumble, and jumble the ball;

We'll sit here in our lodge, and laugh at them all:

Let bishops wear lawn-sleeves, and kings have their ointment,

Free masonry sure was by heaven's appointment.

Derry down, &c.

XIX.

Then charge my dear brethren, to Leven's great name,

Our noble grand master for virtue so fam'd,

That the craft may still flourish, and in all quarters spring,

While we in full chorus do joyfully sing,

Derry down, &c.

SONG XXXIII.

I.

COME, come, my brothers dear,
Now we're assembled here,
Exalt your voices clear

With harmony;

There's none shall be admitted in,
Were he a Lord, a Duke or King,
He's counted but an empty thing,

Except he's free.

*Let ev'ry man take glais in hand,
A rank hunters to our masters grand,
As long as he can sit or stand
With decency.*

II.

By our arts we prove
Emblems of truth and love,
Types given from above

To those that are free.

There's ne'er a king that fills a throne,
Will ever be sham'd to own
Those secrets to the world unknown,

But such as we.

Let ev'ry man take glais in hand, &c.

III.

Now, ladies, try your arts

To gain us men of parts

Who best can charm your hearts,

Because we're free.

Then take us, try us, and you'll find,

Free-Masons S O N G 3. 59

We're true and loving, just and kind,
And taught to please a lady's mind
By masonry.

Let ev'ry man take glass in hand, &c.
God bless King George, long may he reign,
To curb the pride of joes and's train,
And with his conqu'ring sword maintain
Free masonry,

S O N G XXXIV.

I.

SOME folks have with curious impotence strove
From free masons bosoms their secrets to
move;
I'll tell why in vain their endeavours must prove,
It rich no body can deny,
It rich no body can deny.

II.

Of this happy secret when once we're possess,
Our tongues can't explain what is lodg'd in our
breast;
For the blessing's so great, it can ne'er be express;
It rich no body can deny, &c.

III.

Truth, charity, justice, our principles are:
What one does profess, the others may share;
And there in this world are blessings most rare;
It rich no body can deny, &c.

IV.

Now, since we are met, the world's wonder and
beauty,

60 Free-Masons SONGS.

And each one enjoys what pleases him most,
I'll give the best and most glorious toast;
Which no body can deny, &c.

V.

Here's a health to the gen'rous, the brave, and the
good,
To all those who think and act as they shou'd;
And in all this the free masons health's under-
stood;
Which no body can deny, &c.

S O N G XXXV.

I.

COME follow, follow, me,
Ye jovial masons free;
Come follow all the rules
That e'er was taught in schools,
By Solomon that mason king,
Who honour to the craft did bring.

II.

He's justly call'd the wile,
His fame doth reach the skies,
He stood upon the square,
And did the temple rear;
With true level, plum and gage,
He prov'd the wonder of the age.

III.

The mighty mason lords
Stood firmly to their words,
They had it in esteem,
For which they're justly deem'd.

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Why should not their example prove
Our present craft to live and love?

IV.

The royal art, and word,
Is kept upon record,
With upright hearts and pure
While far and near endure
Not written, but indentured
The heart of every free mason.

V.

And as for Hiram's art
We need not to impart,
The scripture plainly shews
From whence his knowledge flows:
His genius was too much refined,
His peer he has not left behind.

VI.

Then let not any one
Forget the widow's son,
But toast his memory
In glasses charg'd full high.
And when our pipe of peace is blown,
Like brethren part, and so go home.

S O N G XXXVI.

I.

BEGIN, O ye muses, a free mason's strain:
Let the number be gentle and easy, and plain,
Tho' sometimes in concert full lively we sing,
Whilst each brother mason his hand with a ring.

P.

62 Free-Masons SONGS.

And princes disdain not companions to be
With the man that is own'd for a mason and free.

II.

Why seek our best nobles our myst'ry to know,
And rather sing here than sip tea with a beau?
The sweet notes of knowledge more powerfully
call,

Than a fav'rite at court, or a toast at a ball:
For truth's sake, a lord is of equal degree
With the man that is own'd for a mason and free.

III.

'Twas heav'n first lighted the glorious flame
Of science that sages free masonry name.
From Adam it flow'd to the patriarch of old;
The wise king prefer'd it to coffers of gold,
And Hiram of Tyre join'd with him to be
Of the number of those that were masons and free.

IV.

The Grigs, Antigalics, and others, they say,
Have set up their lodges, and mimic our way;
But frogs claim a curse when they croak from the
fen,

And monkeys a kick when they imitate men.
In vain, shallow mortals, ye rivals would be
To the man that is own'd for a mason and free,

V.

The wisdom of Greece and old Rome we explore,
Nay pass to the learn'd of the Memphian shore.
What secrets Euphrates and Tigris have known,
And Palestine gather'd, are here made our own.
Well may the world wonder what strange things
we see,

With the man that is own'd for a mason and free.

VI.

Tho' the fair from our rites are for ever debarr'd,
 Ah, ladies! repent not, nor censure too hard:
 You have no rivals here, not even in glats,
 Where fribbles so dote on the shade of an afs.
 Your own dearest pictures, our hearts, could you
 see,
 Would be found in the man that's a mason and
 free.

VII.

The brightest of graces with virtue here join,
 No such angel looks in the drawing room shine.
 Bless'd concord and eagle ey'd truth hover round,
 And, face to face, friendship says, see the bowl
 crown'd:
 Here's a health, let it pass with the number of
 three,
 To the man that is own'd for a mason and free.

S O N G XXXVII.

Tune. *The miller of Mansfield.*

I.

HOW happy a mason! whose bosom still flows
 With friendship, and ever most cheerfully
 goes;
 Th'effects of the mysteries he'd in his breast,
 Myst'ries rever'd, and by princes possess'd.
 Our friend, and our beaute, we best can enjoy,
 No rancour or envy our quiet annoy,

64 Free-Masons SONGS.

Our plum-line and compass, our square and
our tools,

Direct all our actions in virtue's fair rules.

II.

To Mars, and to Venus, we're equally true,
Our hearts can enliven, our arms can subdue.

Let the enemy tell, and the ladies declare

No class, or profession, with masons compare.

To give a ton of fire, we ne'er need a crest,

Since honour, and virtue, remain in our breast.

We'll charm the rude world when we clap,
laugh, and sing,

If so happy a mason, say, who'd be a king?

S O N G XXXVIII.

Tune. *Fy let us a' to the wedding.*

I

KING Solomon, that wise projector,
In masonry took great delight;

And Hiram, that great architector,

Whose actions shall ever shine bright.

From the heart of a true honest mason

There's none can the secret remove;

Our maxims are justice, morality,

Friendship and brotherly love.

II.

We meet like true friends on the level,

And lovingly part on the square;

Alike we respect king and beggar,

Provided they're just and sincere.

We scorn an ungenerous action,
None can with free masons compare;
We love for to live within compass,
By rules that are honest and fair.

III.

We exclude all talkative fellows
That will bubble and prate past their wit,
They ne'er shall come into our secret,
For they're neither worthy, nor fit;
But the person that's well recommended,
And we find him honest and true,
When our lodge is well tyll'd we'll prepare them,
And, like masons, our work we'll pursue,

IV.

There's some foolish people reject us,
For which they are highly to blame,
They cannot shew any objection,
Or reason for doing the same.
The art's a divine inspiration,
As all honest men will declare,
So here's to all true hearted brothers,
That live within compass and square.

S O N G XXXIX.

I.

LET worthy brethren all combine,
For to adorn our mystic art;
So as the craft may ever shine,
And clear each faithful brother's heart.
*Then brethren all in chorus sing,
Praise the craft and bless the king.*

66 Free-Masons SONGS.

II.

Well levell'd, plum'd, and squar'd aright,
The five noble orders upright stand
Wisdom, and strength, with beauty's height,
The wonder of the world command.

Then brethren all, &c.

III.

Ye fools and cowans, all who plot,
For to obtain our mystery;
Ye strive in vain, attempt it not,
Such creatures never shall be free.

Then brethren all, &c.

IV.

The wise, the noble, good, and great,
Can only be accepted here;
The knave or fool, tho' deck'd in state,
Shall ne'er approach the master's chair.

Then brethren all, &c.

V.

Now fill your glasses, charge them high,
Let our grand master's health go round,
And let each heart o'erflow with joy;
And love and unity abound.

Then brethren all, &c.

S O N G XL.

I.

ATtend, brother masons, while I faintly describe
The rules from our toasts we all now indite,
How from simple things greatest wisdom is drawn,
From whence of our craft the advantage is known.
Deny'd, &c.

You first must endeavour to form a good plan,
For at random who acts is not the wise man :
Who minds not proportion we count a great fool ;
And what is he better that walks without rule ?

Right to temper the mortar true masons should see,
Without proper temper no mortals agree :
And to build by your line you'll find a great beauty,
For none keep direct without line of duty.

To keep within bounds from your square you
may learn ;
To keep all things even your plam it will warn :
From your cement well wrought be taught too
you may
In what due proportion to moisten your clay.

Will teach you your trowel to be truly polite,
And how different bodies in one to unite :
And if still most smoothly thro' life you would steer,
Attend to your compass lest danger be near.

From each of your tools you may knowledge
extract ;
The mallet teaches driving when men will not act :
Learn polish from chisel, by hammer ends meet ;
Thus all from our tools may be masons compleat.

From the various materials your building is made,
Know strength must arise from union in trade :
And from different parts supporting each other,
Each mason should learn to take care of a brother.

Hence success we may drink to the craft of a
mason ;
For ne'er a monarch could think it a base one :
But how can you amongst us find any disorders,
Since we're noted for minding all the five orders.

Derry down, down, down, derry down,

68 Free-Masons SONGS.

The ANTHEM.

I.

GRANT us, kind heav'n, what we request;

In masonry let us be blest:

Direct us to that happy place

Where friendship smiles in ev'ry face;

Where freedom and sweet innocence

Enlarge the mind, and cheer the sense.

Enlarge the mind, &c.

II.

Where scepter'd reason from her throne

Surveys the lodge, and makes us one;

And harmony's delightful sway

For ever sheds ambrosial day;

Where we blest Eden's pleasure taste,

Whilst balmy joys are our repast.

Whilst balmy joys, &c.

III.

No prying eye can view us here,

Or fool or knave disturb our cheer:

Our well form'd laws set mankind free,

And give relief to misery.

The poor, oppress'd with woe and grief,

Gain from our bounteous hands relief.

Gain from our bounteous, &c.

IV.

Our lodge the social virtues grace,

And wisdom's rules we fondly trace,

Whole nature, open to our view,

Points out the paths we should pursue.

Let us subsist in lasting peace,

And may our happiness increase.

And may our happiness, &c.

P R O L O G U E.

IF to delight, to humanize the mind,
 The savage world in social ties to bind;
 To make the moral virtues all appear
 Improv'd and useful, soften'd from severe,
 If these demand the tribute of our praise,
 The teachers honour or the poets lays;
 How do we view them all compris'd in thee,
 Thrice honour'd and mysterious masonry.
 By thee erected, spacious domes arise,
 And spires ascending glitter in the skies;
 The wondrous whole by heavenly art is crown'd,
 And order in diversity is found.

Thro' such a length of ages still how fair,
 How bright, how blooming do thy looks appear
 And still shall bloom -- time as it glides away
 Fears for its own, before thine shall decay.

The use of accents from thy aid is thrown,
 Thou form'st a silent language of thy own;
 Disclaim'st that records should contain thy art,
 And only liv'st within the faithful heart

Behold where kings, and a long list of train,
 Of garter'd heroes wait upon thy reign,
 And boast no honour but a mason's name

Still in the dark let the unknowing stray,
 No matter what they judge, or what they say;
 Still may thy mystic secrets be conceal'd,
 And only to a brother be reveal'd.

P R O L O G U E.

OF all the orders founded by the great,
 The wise, and good, of old and modern date,
 None like the craft of masonry can claim
 The glorious summit of immortal fame.

Upon her principles creation stands,
 Form'd by the first Almighty mason's hands,
 Who by the rules of geometry display'd
 His power and wisdom thro' the worlds he made.
 The soul of man with knowledge he impress'd,
 And taught him masonry to make him bless'd;
 But soon fond man forsook the pointed road,
 And lost his knowledge when he left his God.
 The devil and women gain'd the wretch's heart,
 And he forgot the masons glorious art.
 Long time he wander'd, tore with woe oppress'd,
 And dire remorse stung home his conscious breast.
 At length he pray'd; and heav'n receiv'd his pray'r,
 Pleas'd to behold with pity, and to spare;
 And taught a way the science to regain,
 Through arduous study and laborious pain.
 But 'twas forbid the secret to declare,
 That all might equally the labour share:
 And hence it comes the best alone can claim
 That noblest character, a mason's name;
 And that the art, from other eyes conceal'd,
 Remains a secret, as if ne'er reveal'd.
 Let cowans therefore, and the upstart fry
 Of gormagons our well-earn'd praise deny.
 Our secrets let them as they will deride;
 For thus the fabled fox the grapes decry'd;
 While we, superior to their malice, shine,
 And know our mylt'ries to be all divine,

AN EPILOGUE.

WELL-- here I'm come to let you know my
 thoughts,
Nay--ben't alarm'd - I'll not attack your faults;

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*Alike be safe, the cuckold, and the wit,
The cuckold maker and the solemn cit ;
I'm in good humour, and I'm come to prattle,
Hav'n't I a head well turn'd, d'ye think, to rattle ;
But to clear up the point, and to be free,
What think you is my subject ? - Masonry :
Though I'm afraid, as lawyer's case is clear,
My learn'd debate will leave you as you were ;
But I'm a woman -- and when I say that
You know will talk - although we know not what.*

*What think you, ladies, 'sant it very hard,
That we should from this secret be debarr'd ?
How comes it, that the softer hours of love,
To wheedle out this secret fruitless prove ?
For we can wheedle when we hope to move :
What can it mean ? why all this mighty power,
These mystic signs ; and solemn calling brother ?
That we are qualify'd in signs are known,
We can keep secrets too - but they're our own.*

*When my good-man went first to be a mason,
Though I resolv'd to put the smoother face on,
Yet to speak truly, I began to fear
He must some dreadful operation bear ;
But he return'd to satisfy each doubt,
And brought home every thing he carry'd out :
Nay, came improv'd, for on his face appear'd
A pleasing smile, that every scruple clear'd,
Such added complaisance - so much good nature,
So much, so strangely - 'twas for the better ;
That to increase our mutual dear delight,
Wou'd he were made a mason every night.*

EPILOGUE.

*WITH what malicious joy ere I knew better,
Have I been wont the masons to bespatter ?*

How greedily have I believ'd each lie
 Contriv'd against that fam'd society?
 With many more complain'd - 'twas very hard
 Women should from their secrets be debar'd,
 When kings and statesmen to our sex reveal
 Important business, which they should conceal;
 That beauteous ladies, by their specks admir'd,
 Never could behold out the masons' word;
 And oft their favours have bestow'd in vain,
 Nor could the secret for another gain.
 I thought, unable to explain the matter,
 Each mason, sure, must be a woman hater.
 With sudden fear and dismal horror struck,
 I heard my spouse was to peruse the book.
 To all our loves, I begg'd he would forbear;
 Upon my knees I wept, and tore my hair
 But when I found him fix'd, how I behav'd!
 I thought him lost, and like a fury rav'd;
 Believ'd he would for ever be undone,
 By some strange operation undergone.
 When he came back, I found a change, 'tis true,
 But such a change as did his youth renew:
 With ruddy cheeks and smiling face he came,
 And sparkling eyes, that spoke a bridegroom's flame.
 Ye married ladies, 'tis a happy life,
 Believe me, that of a free mason's wife.
 That they conceal the secrets of their friends,
 In love and truth they make us all amends.



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flamco.

